Edward will not be tied to his brothers wills.
Quee. My Lords, do me but right, and you must confesse,
Before it pleasde his highnesse to aduance
My state to title of a Queene,
That I was not ignoble in my birth.
Edw. Forbeare my Loue, to fawne vpon their frownes,
For thee they must obay, nay shall obay,
And if they looke for fauour at my hands.
Mont. My Lord, heere is the messenger returnde from (Fraunce

Enter a Messenger.

Edw. Now sirra, What letters, or what newes?
Mes. No letters my Lord; and such newes, as without your Highnesse spetiall pardon, I dare not relate.
Edvv. We pardon thee: and as neere as thou canst, tell me What said *Lewis* to our letters?
Mes. At my departure these were his verie wordes.
Go tell false *Edward*, thy supposed King,
That *Lewis* of Fraunce is sending ouer Maskers,
To reuell it with him and his new bride.
Ed. Is *Lewis* so braue? belike he thinkes me *Henry*.
But what saide Lady *Bona* to these wrongs? (shortly,
Mes. Tell him (quoth she) in hope hee'l proue a widdower
Ile weare the willow garland for his sake,
Ed. She had the wrong indeed; she could say litle lesse:
But what said *Henries* Queene? for as I heare she was then in place.
Mes. Tell him (quoth she) my mourning weedes be done:
And I am readie to put armour on.
Ed. Then belike she meanes to plaie the *Amazon*.
But what said *Warwicke* to these iniuries?
Mes. He more incensed then the rest my Lord,
Tell him (quoth he) that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile vncrowne him er't be long.
Ed. Ha, Durst the traitour breath out such proud words?
But I will arme me to preuent the worst.
But what, is *Warwicke* friends with *Margaret*?
Mes. I my good Lord, they are so linkt in friendshippe, That

That young Prince *Edvvard* marries *VVarvvickes* daughter.
Cla. The elder? belike *Clarence* shall haue the younger?
All you that loue me, and *VVarwicke*, follow me.
Exit Clarence, and Sommerset.

Ed Clarence, and *Sommerset*, fled to *Warwicke*.
What saie you brother *Richard*, will you stand to vs?
Glo. I, my Lord, in despight of all that shal withstand you:
For why hath nature made me halt down right,
But that I should be valient and stand to it?
For if I would, I cannot run away.
Ed. Penbrooke, go raise an armie presently,
Pitch vp my Tent; for in the field this night,
I meane to rest; and on the morrow morne,
Ile march to meet proud *Warwicke*, ere he land
Those straging troopes, which he hath got in Fraunce:
But ere I goe *Montague* and *Hastings*,
You of all the rest are neerest alied
In bloud to *Warwicke*; therfore tell me, if
You fauour him more then me, or not?
Speake trulie, for I had rather haue you open enemies,
Then hollow friendes.
Mon. So God helpe *Montague*, as he proues true.
Hast. And *Hastings*, as he fauours *Edwards* cause.
Ed. It shall suffice: come then, lets march away.
Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Warwicke, and Oxenford, with Souldiers.

War. Trust me my Lords, all hitherto goes well,
The common people by numbers swarme to vs.
But see where *Sommerset* and *Clarence* comes.
Speake suddenly my Lords, are we all friends.
Cla. Feare not that my Lord.
VVar. Then gentle *Clarence* welcome vnto *Warwicke*.
And welcome *Sommerset*. I hold it cowardise,
To rest mistrustfull, where a noble heart:
Hath pawnd an open hand, in signe of loue.
Else might I thinke that *Clarence*, *Edwards* brother,
Were but a faigned friend to our proceedings:

 But